

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

Recollections of a Classical Tour through various Parts of Greece, Turkey, and Italy, made in the Years 1818 and 1819. By Peter Edmund Laurent. Illustrated with coloured plates. 4to. pp. 317. London, 1821.

GREECE and Italy, at least, if not Turkey, have been as much travelled as almost any part of the globe, while more has been written on them than all the other parts united; but, notwithstanding this, they still present a rich variety to the judicious and intelligent traveller. Our pages have frequently been enriched with the itineraries of tourists in Greece and Italy, and we now, with pleasure, add Mr. Laurent to the number, for, although he follows with rather unequal steps, he is worthy of being ranked among them.

From the preface, we learn, that Mr. Laurent left Oxford in 1818, in company with two members of the University. They passed over the Alps, by the Mount Cenis road, crossing Piedmont and the fertile valley of Lombardy, through the towns of Turin, Milan, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, and Venice. From the last place they proceeded to Trieste, where, after making an excursion to the ruins of Pola, they embarked for Constantinople. In the course of the voyage they visited the Trojan plain and the probable site of Ilium. Dreading to face the plague, which then raged in the northern provinces of Greece, they re-embarked at Constantinople for Athens; thence passed into the Peloponnesus; saw the remains of Corinth, Sicyon, Nemea, Argos, Mantinea, Sparta, Messene, Phigalia, Olympia, Patrae, &c. &c. At Patrae, our travellers embarked for the Ionian Islands, thence passed to Italy, touched at Otranto, Brindisi, and Barletta, and returned homeward through Naples, Rome, and Florence.

Our author having had such a 'clear field and fair play,' something good may be expected from him, and he shall speak for himself; although we must

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premise that he is a modest unassuming writer, who appears to have been contented with relating what he actually saw, and not trespassing on the regions of romance, in which travellers have, in all ages, been notorious poachers. The work, though not divided into letters, is in the style of epistolary composition, and is written with great ease and freedom. It is also (and as reviewers, we are, in duty bound, to thank him,) so divided, according to different places visited, that we can very easily detach a few extracts, which will enable our readers to judge of the author's talents, and of the interest the work possesses. In an account of Trieste, we have the following notice of the murder of the venerable Winckelmann:—

'It was at Trieste that Winckelmann was assassinated by a villain named Arcangeli. This man had been a cook in the house of the Count Cataldo, at Vienna, and had been condemned to death for several crimes, but had received his pardon; he met his victim on the road from Vienna to Rome, and gained his confidence by affecting to have a great love for the fine arts. Winckelmann was occupied in a room of his inn, writing some notes for a new edition of his *History of Art*, when Arcangeli interrupted him by asking him to see some medals; hardly had the antiquary opened the trunk which contained them, when his murderer threw on his neck a running knot, and endeavoured to strangle him; not being able to succeed in his purpose, the sanguinary villain pierced him in several places with a knife; he was immediately seized and executed for his crime; but his punishment did not repair the loss which literature experienced by the death of Winckelmann. The venerable antiquary lived sufficiently long to receive the spiritual consolations of his church, and to dictate his will, by which he named Cardinal Albani his sole legatee.

'Winckelmann was the son of an obscure tradesman of Stendal, in Brandenburg; by indefatigable exertions he raised himself to a most conspicuous rank in the study of antiquity; he was member of nearly all the literary societies in Europe, and his name will be ever dear to artists.'

The account of Pola furnishes us

with an interesting anecdote of Ariosto. The author says,—

'I have often been surprised to find the name of Orlando or Rolando, so frequently attached to ruins in Italy and the neighbouring countries: Castello di Orlando is a name given near Naples and in Magna Grecia, to almost every one of the towers which, in former times, served as fastnesses for those bands of robbers which ravaged the country, and bade defiance even to Spanish despotism. This may be accounted for by the great diffusion of Ariosto's poem, the nature and variety of which render it, perhaps, more attractive than any other to the lower orders. Of this it is well known the poet had a convincing proof: falling, during a ramble over the Appenines, among a band of robbers, they were on the point of taking from him his purse, and, perhaps, his life; but having recognised in him the author of Orlando, they threw themselves at his feet, intreated pardon for their intended injury, and, singing his verses, guarded him to a place of greater security.'

As our remaining extracts, for the present, will be in the form of detached anecdotes, rather than as a connected narrative, we shall briefly observe that, on a careful examination of the whole work, we can pronounce it to be highly interesting, containing much real and valuable information, and avoiding every thing like prosing or trivial detail. Of this we hope to convince our readers, and now to the proof:—

Nautical Politeness.—Our schooner was manned by Illyrian sailors; they were very dirty, certainly more civil, but I doubt whether so skilful as the seamen of northern kingdoms; those tempests of long duration, to which the Atlantic sailor is often exposed, are unknown in more confined seas, where, in every part, a secure harbour is at hand, to shield the battered vessel from the rage of the sea. In a summer voyage, they have little more to do than to eat and drink, tell horrid tales of pirates' cruelty, and hail each ship that passes; this last practice is never neglected, and the mode of executing it proves forcibly, that some portion of that proneness to compliment, which characterises Italy and all other nations swayed by despotic governments, may transuse itself even into the dominions of Neptune. An English ship hails in a manner rough and abrupt—'Ho the ship—whither

bound—where from:” in the Mediterranean, all communication must be preceded by the hoisting of the colours, and the compliment, “*Buon giorno Signor Capitano e tutta la compagnia, buon giorno;*” while every question is ended by a “*di grazia,*” which is made to reverberate for several seconds in the speaking trumpet.

Zea (Ceos,) where the art of weaving silk was first taught by Pamphila, who made webs of it so fine that they were compared to gossamer, and poetically called a *web of air*, continues to carry on its original manufacture, but not to any considerable extent. The ladies of this island are far from being ugly, but our author complains, that the ‘free, not to say, indecent, postures which they assume when lolling on their dyvans, render their beauty not very attractive to a northern taste.’

We revert again to extract:—

A Turkish Church-Yard at Scio (Chios.)—Near the town [Scio], on the sea shore, is seen a vast burial-ground, appropriated to the Turks; the cause of its being so extensive is, that their religion forbids the burial of more than one person on the same spot of ground; the graves are indicated by stones, inscribed with gilt Arabic characters: they are shaded with cypress, aloes, and the other trees by most nations regarded as expressive of grief. Vizirs and other great men have a *kubbe*, that is, a tower and monument beautifully built, placed over their graves. People of a middle station have two stones placed upright, one at the head, the other at the feet. One of these stones has the name of the deceased, elegantly written; to which is added, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, a prayer of this or the like form, at the direction of the heir: *Dâmu Allaho halahi rahmataho*,—may God shew eternal mercy to him. If a man is buried, upon the top of the stone is a Turkish turban; if a woman, another sort of ornament is placed there. The stone at the feet is the same in both. The sepulchral chapels erected in memory of some saints of Islamism and of the sultans, are called *turbeh*. These buildings are generally placed in the gardens of the mosques, founded by these princes; they are very richly adorned. The grave, which is in the middle of the chapel, is covered with a wooden chest, wrapped in red velvet, enriched with gold and precious stones, and having different verses of the Koran embroidered on it; towards the side where reclines the head of the defunct monarch, is seen a piece of the veil which has covered the shrine of Mecca, (for no Moslem must be buried without a piece of that sacred cloth,) over which is a muslin turban. Silver rails, incrustated with mother-of-pearl, surround the grave, at the extremities of which are two lofty chandeliers with tapers. The interior of these chapels is magnificently adorned with marble, porcelain, and

golden inscriptions. Lamps, ever lighted, hang from the roof, and the turbeh-dars, or keepers of the tomb, are constantly reading chapters of the Koran for the repose of the soul of the sultans. Constantinople contains about twenty of these turbehs. The Turkish burial-grounds are always placed near the towns, and, being kept clean and adorned with verdure, are agreeable yet impressive objects; they are never imagined to be haunted, a circumstance more to be attributed to their attractive appearance, than to any strength of mind peculiar to the followers of Mahomet. Indeed, one can see no reason why the resting-place of our departed friends should be in the most dirty and melancholy spots, or why their remains should be so often and so unnecessarily disturbed.

The Though.—‘The *though* is a horse’s tail, stained red, and stuck upon a pole, with a gilt knob at the top: this is one of the military ensigns of the Turks, and the dignity of a vizir is determined by the number of these horses’ tails which he is allowed to carry before him. Besides the *though*, each dozen of men has, when on march, a small standard, the number of which causes the army to be crowded with flag-bearers, who in battle are worse than useless; the Turkish soldiers think it no disgrace to lose their colours, excepting, however, the holy banner of Mohammed, which in battle is kept at a convenient distance from the field, and at the first appearance of a defeat, is precipitately removed. The Janissaries conceive military glory to consist in a strenuous defence of their kettles and spoons.—*Quid rides?* Is it more rational to place honour in the defence of a piece of tattered silk, or of a monstrous two-headed black eagle?’

Ilium and the Troic Plain.—‘The precise site of Troy was long an object of dispute among the ancient critics; Strabo, in the thirteenth book of his geography, gives a most accurate account of the country, and after throwing forth many hints, which, in modern times, have been made good use of, leaves the question undecided. Demetrius, a native of Skepsis, a town not situated far from Alexandria of Troas, passed his life in an unsuccessful search for the spot, and only concluded that the town in his days called Ilium, could not be, according to the description of Homer, upon the same spot as the ancient city of Priam.

‘This Ilium, of which the ruins are pretty well determined, was placed near the sea; its Acropolis was shown as the Pergamus of Troy. To the north of the hill on which it was erected, flowed a small rivulet, which they denominated the Simoeis; it united with a stream, or rather river, which rolled its waters down the plain from Mount Ida, and threw itself into the Hellespont; this river was called the Scamander. Pliny, in his geographical description of the world, mentions this modern Ilium in a manner which proves,

beyond a doubt, that he regarded it as built on the site of ancient Troy.

‘Till the last century the question remained undecided, as Strabo had left it; but in the year 1785, Le Chevalier, an accurate and laborious traveller, discovered a spot in the plain, or rather at the foot of Ida, which seemed better to answer the description of the poet; it was a hill near the village of Bounar-Bâshi, which he chose for his Pergamus; the river, which before every traveller had regarded as the Scamander, was now proved to be the Simoeis, and the former Simoeis remained without a name; much was said concerning the hot and warm sources of the newly-found Scamander. Other travellers, with an imagination less heated, visited this spot; they found the distance from Bounar-Bâshi to the Hellespont, too great; they discovered that the sources of the new Scamander, instead of being one warm and the other cold, were both warm; many difficulties were raised against the system of Le Chevalier, and rebutted with warmth by his friends. Two parties immediately divided the classic world; one contended for the truth of the minute and often fanciful details of Le Chevalier; while others denied the truth of many of the most important facts brought forward by that geographer. Both parties were violent, and, as generally happens in such cases, equivocation took the place of truth, passion that of argument.

‘To conciliate the two parties is a task which I have neither the wish nor the talent to perform: I have too often experienced, that when once discord has reared her head in religion, in politics, or in literature, argument is the last instrument to which resort must be had to check its influence—blustering ignorance generally crushes one of the factions, and the tyranny of the other necessarily ensures a temporary quiet. When I visited the plain of Ilium, I had heard but little of the dispute in question. I, indeed, knew that some persons had endeavoured to prove the Trojan war a fable; but I rejected the idea, as a Christian does that of infidelity, from which, in future life, he guesses much harm may perhaps accrue, while with certainty he knows that no bad effects can ensue from his adhering to the tenets of his ancestors. If it be proved that the truth of the main facts contained in the Iliad is chimerical, what will become of the history attached to them? Are we to betray to all-devouring scepticism so many interesting records? If we prove that Helen, that Paris, that Achilles, that Troy itself never existed, the interest felt in reading the works of Homer must necessarily be diminished, the pleasure will be no longer so great, and the bard, whose poems have nearly exhausted the whole fund of human knowledge, would be more neglected than even he now is.—Apollo and the muses defend us from so dire a misfortune!

‘The scenery, as to the islands, the

seas, the mountains, or, in a few words, as to its general features, corresponds, certainly as much as one can expect, with the description of Homer; Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos, Ida, the Chersonesus, and the Hellespont, are found in the same relative situation as a cursory reader of the *Iliad* would imagine them to be placed; the plain itself, however, did not answer my expectations.—I did not, certainly, hope to be able to distinguish the very walls of the town; as well might I have expected to have seen the Greek ships arranged upon the strand, or Hector and Achilles striding over the fields; but I thought I should have seen some eminence worthy of being the Pergamus—some river worthy of being called the Scamander; the usual fate of classic travellers awaited me—I was disappointed.

'The water was so shallow that we found it impossible to land with dry feet; the sailors offered to carry us on their backs to the shore; the experiment was first tried by an unfortunate Florentine, who, during the whole voyage, had suffered much from sea-sickness, a disorder ever the subject of ridicule among sailors; he mounted the broad shoulders of one of our Istrian seamen, but hardly had he rode fifty yards in this style, before a well-pretended stumble threw him headlong into the sea;—"experientia docet," we tucked up our trowsers, threw off our stockings and shoes, and, with praiseworthy ardour, waded to the land.'

Public Baths at Constantinople.—'The very frequent recurrence of ablations, enjoined by the wisdom of Mohammed, to preserve his followers from the disorders produced in a warm climate by an accumulation of dirt on the skin, has caused pious individuals to erect fountains in almost every street of the Turkish cities, and even on the border of the roads, far distant from any town; the tomb of the founder is generally placed in the neighbourhood, and is surrounded with trees, which offer a delightful shade to the wearied traveller. These fountains are generally built in the Moorish style, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions.

'To the same precept of cleanliness we may attribute the number of warm baths seen in Turkey; every village has its hammam or public bath, and every large house is provided with the same convenience. These thermæ are heated by a subterraneous vault, which serves as a furnace, and is filled with logs of wood, above which, and immediately below the marble pavement of the building, is a large cauldron of water, which is kept in a constant state of ebullition; tubes placed in the interior of the walls carry off the steam, while others furnish the interior with hot water from the cauldron, and with cold water from a contiguous cistern. The bather, having paid to the keeper of the bath the price of entrance, is shown into a square room, along the walls of which runs a wide seat, covered with cushions; he here leaves his clothes, and

girding round his body a wide piece of cotton, which hangs from his waist to his ankles, and placing his feet in a pair of wooden clogs, to preserve them from the burning heat of the floor, he proceeds through several rooms, successively increasing in warmth, to the interior chamber. This chamber is built in a circular shape, and covered by a cupola, in which there are many openings covered with very thick glass, which gives a free passage to the light, but not to the visual rays of the curious; a circular dais on the pavement indicates the position of the cauldron, which is immediately underneath; small fountains and marble basins are seen at equal distances round the wall.'

Temple of Theseus at Athens.—'This well-preserved ruin, as I before said, stands on a large open place, where a rope-maker was exercising his trade when we passed: this spot is enlivened in the evenings with the youthful games of many Athenian boys; it was near this temple, according to Pausanias, that stood Ptolemy's gymnasium and the forum. A part of the temple is now used as a church, dedicated to St. George: it is closed by a door made of flat iron bars, at which the Turks, with most disgraceful impiety, amuse themselves in trying the force of their muskets. In the chancel are the graves of three English travellers, who have paid the debt of nature in this country: one is that of the unfortunate Tweddell; by his side is buried a Mr. Walker, who fell a victim to a fever produced by fatigue and heat. The inscription upon Tweddell's grave is engraved in the true antique style, without stops or separations; it cannot be read without considerable attention and study: it is indeed astonishing that men should be willing to sacrifice to the mania of imitating the very errors of the ancients, the striking effect which so beautiful an epitaph would produce on every reader were it legible. A grave was digging for a Mr. Phillips, who had died while making the tour of the Morea: he had quitted Athens in August, a time when disease rages with violence in the Peloponnesus; relying upon the strength of his constitution, he had refused to follow the advice given him by the consuls to defer his journey till the autumn: he departed, neglecting even to provide himself with medicine: we saw his name scratched upon one of the columns of a temple in Arcadia, near which the peasants told us he was seized with a fever, which threw him into delirium: we recorded his premature death under his name. By the uneducated, both Greeks and Mohammedans, it is imagined that after interment the body of a Frank is conveyed by some invisible power to his native land.

'The Theseum is comparatively small, but its effect is striking: in shape it is similar to the Parthenon: the beautiful frieze with which it is decorated, represents part of the histories of Hercules and Theseus: it is most entire of all the

Athenian monuments, and long may the protecting genius of Greece defend it from the defiling touch of the Turkish mason, and the no less destructive dilapidations of European virtuosi.

A Wedding at Athens.—'Every traveller who has visited Athens for a few days, returns with a description of the weddings, burials, and christenings at which he assisted: whether during our stay Hymen had ceased to inspire the Athenian youths, and death to strike, *æquo pede*, I cannot determine; but I assure you, although we remained at Athens more than a month, we witnessed no funeral, and were present at one wedding only;—the happy couple was not of the highest rank: that you should not, however, accuse my journal of being deficient in the article of matrimony, I shall add to this chapter of musty antiquity an account of one of the most extraordinary and ridiculous scenes I ever witnessed.

'It was on a Sunday afternoon; the heat was excessive, and we were occupied in arranging our journal; my ear was struck with the monotonous sound of a Greek tambour, and the noise of people hurrying through the street: I followed them, and after turning through two or three lanes, came to the spot whence the sound proceeded. Some dirty musicians, with a tambour, a fiddle, and a guitar, were dancing, playing, and singing; after them came a Greek damsel, supported by two grave matrons, and followed by a long string of dames hoary with age: she was the bride, and notwithstanding the thermometer stood at 96°, was covered with mantles and furs; her fingers' ends and joints were stained red; the lower part of her eyes was tinged with a blue colour, and her cheeks were ornamented with stars of black dye and leaf gold: a dirty urchin, walking backwards, held a mirror in such a manner that the young woman had her image constantly before her.

'They moved literally at a snail's space; the people threw from their windows and doors bottles of orange water, which perfumed the air, and the crowd, loud in their expressions of joy and congratulation, augmented as we advanced, hurrying round the bride, whose brow was never bent with a frown, and whose lips were never crossed with a smile during the ceremony.

'The procession stopped at the house of the bridegroom; the bride was seated in an arm chair, and placed on the right of the house door; on the opposite side was seated her husband, his hairless head uncovered; by him stood a Turkish barber, holding in his hand a circular looking-glass (similar to that with which Venus is represented) and other shaving instruments: the music continued playing, and the crowd shook the air with their shouts. Each, placing a few *parats* on the barber's looking-glass, sprinkled with orange water the face of the bridegroom, and kissed him on the forehead and the eyes: the money thus collected was to procure

a comfortable establishment for the young people; I subscribed my share, but preferred dispensing with the kisses. A Greek, an old man, whose age was a sufficient excuse for the joke, pushed me towards the bride, whom I was consequently obliged to salute amidst the loud cheers of the assembly:—how the ceremony ended I cannot tell you, as the day fell, and I returned home ere all had embraced the bridegroom.

(To be continued.)

Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1819-20, in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the Orders of William Edw. Parry, R. N., F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition.

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CAPTAIN COOK was one of the first navigators that preserved his crew in good health, amidst all the variations of climate, to which a voyage round the world exposed them; to Captain Parry no less praise is due, for his attentions in this respect; and he had the gratification of seeing every officer and man on board both ships, (with only one exception out of ninety-four persons) return to their native country in as robust health as when they left it, after an absence of nearly eighteen months. Even the scurvy, so fatal a scourge in high northern latitudes, was kept under or subdued in a most remarkable manner. The first instance of this disease occurring was in the beginning of January, 1820, when Mr. Scallan, the gunner, was afflicted with it. This was found to have been occasioned by the deposit of moisture in his bed-place; and here we may mention another instance of the equality of the dangers shared by all—that from the situation of the officers' bed-places, moisture and ice accumulated much more rapidly in them than in those of the men. The means adopted for the recovery of the gunner will afford a good hint to voyagers, and even to those

'Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,

'And little think upon the dangers of the seas.'

'Every attention was paid to Mr. Scallan's case by the medical gentlemen, and all our anti-scorbutics were put in requisition for his recovery: these consisted principally of preserved vegetables, soups, lemon-juice and sugar, pickles, preserved currants and gooseberries, and spruce-beer. I began also, about this time, to raise a small quantity of mustard and cress in my cabin, in small shallow boxes filled with mould, and placed along the stove-

Pipe; by these means, even in the severity of the winter, we could generally ensure a crop at the end of the sixth or seventh day after sowing the seed, which, by keeping several boxes at work, would give to two or three scorbutic patients nearly an ounce of salad each daily, even though the necessary economy in our coals did not allow of the fire being kept in at night. Had this been allowable, and a proper apparatus at hand for the purpose, there is no doubt that it might have been raised much more rapidly: and those who are aware how perfect a specific a very small quantity of fresh vegetable substance is for the scurvy, will, perhaps, agree with me in thinking that such an apparatus would form a very valuable appendage to be applied occasionally to the cabin-stove. The mustard and cress thus raised were necessarily colourless, from the privation of light, but, as far as we could judge, they possessed the same pungent aromatic taste as if grown under ordinary circumstances. So effectual were these remedies in Mr. Scallan's case, that, on the ninth evening from the attack, he was able to walk about on the lower deck for some time, and he assured me that he could then "run a race."

On the morning of the 1st of January, a halo, whose radius was $22^{\circ} 30'$, with three paraselencæ, which were very luminous, but not tinged with the prismatic colours was seen about the moon; and, on the following day, the same phenomenon occurred, with the addition of a vertical stripe of white light proceeding from the upper and lower limbs of the moon, and forming, with part of the horizontal circle, the appearance of a cross; and a few days after, the aurora borealis was seen; but neither the magnetic needle nor the gold leaf of the electrometer were in the slightest degree affected by it.

Captain Parry and his crew did not experience those effects from the cold, even when 49° degree below zero, which preceding voyagers have stated: such as, the dreadful sensation said to be produced on the lungs, when the air is inhaled at a very low temperature; or the vapour with which an inhabited room is charged, condensing into a shower of snow, immediately on the opening of a door or window. He says—

'This goes much beyond any thing that we had an opportunity of observing. What happened with us was simply this: on the opening of the doors at the top and bottom of our hatchway ladders, the vapour was immediately condensed by the sudden admission of the cold air, into a visible form, exactly resembling a very thick smoke, which settled on all the panels of the doors and bulk-heads, and immediately froze, by which means the latter were covered with a thick coating of

ice, which it was necessary frequently to scrape off; but we never, to my knowledge, witnessed the conversion of the vapour into snow, during its fall.'

The distance at which sounds were heard in the open air, during the continuance of intense cold, seems almost incredible. Captain Parry says, people have been distinctly heard conversing in a common tone of voice at the distance of a mile; and he 'heard a man singing to himself, as he walked along the beech, at even a greater distance than this.' Another circumstance occurred scarcely less curious: the smell of smoke was felt so strong at a distance of two miles, leeward of the ships, that it impeded the breathing. This shows to what a distance the smoke was carried horizontally, owing to the difficulty with which it rises at a very low temperature of the atmosphere. On the 15th of February the thermometer was at 55° below zero. This was the most severe cold during their stay in Winter Harbour; and, although the officers amused themselves with freezing mercury and beating it out on an anvil, (such was the intensity of the cold) yet 'not the slightest inconvenience was suffered from exposure to the open air, by a person well clothed, as long as the weather was perfectly calm; but in walking against a very light wind, a smarting sensation was experienced all over the face, accompanied by a pain in the middle of the forehead, which soon became rather severe.' As a specimen of the average proportion of ice, formed in the harbour, from September to March, it is stated that where the depth of water was four fathoms and a quarter, the ice was found to be six feet and a half thick, and the snow on the surface eight inches deep. We have already stated, that some of the crew were absent for four days from the ships, having rambled to a considerable distance, and lost their way. Peter Fisher, a seaman of the Griper, was of the party, and had scratched on a stone the initials of his name. Of this seaman there is an interesting anecdote:—

'When Mr. Fife and his party returned from that excursion, it was a matter of surprise to us, to see how fresh Fisher was, and how little he seemed to regard what had happened, as any thing out of the common way, of which, indeed, the circumstance just related, is also a proof. When asked, on his first arrival on board on that occasion, what they had lived upon, "lived upon," said Fisher, dryly, "the Duke of Wellington never lived so well. We had grouse for breakfast,

grouse for dinner, and grouse for supper, to be sure!"

On the 12th of May, some ptarmigans were seen, which were hailed as a sure omen of returning summer. Several men went out on shooting excursions, and being exposed for several hours to the glare of the sun and snow, became affected with that painful inflammation in the eyes, called in America *snow-blindness*:—

'This complaint, of which the sensation exactly resembles that produced by large particles of sand or dust in the eyes, is cured by some tribes of American Indians, by holding them over the steam of warm water; but we found a cooling wash, made of a small quantity of acetate of lead mixed with cold water, more efficacious in relieving the irritation, which was always done in three or four days, even in the most severe cases, provided the eyes were carefully guarded from the light. As a preventive of this complaint, a piece of black crape was given to each man, to be worn as a kind of short veil attached to the hat, which we found to be very serviceable; a still more convenient mode, adopted by some of the officers, was found equally efficacious; this consisted in taking the glasses out of a pair of spectacles, and substituting black or green crape, the glass having been found to heat the eyes and increase the irritation.'

On the 17th of May, the operation of cutting the ice round the Hecla was completed, and the ships were once more fairly a-float. This was performed in the following manner:—

'The ice alongside the ships was found to be six feet thick, being about eighteen inches less than the average thickness of it in Winter Harbour, owing principally to our having continued to cut it round the ships for some time after the commencement of the winter, and in part, perhaps, to the snow with which it had there been thickly covered. We began by digging a large hole under the stern, being the same as that in which the tide-pole was placed, in order to enter the saw, which occupied us nearly two days, only a small number of men being able to work at it. In the mean time, all the snow and rubbish was cleared away from the ship's side, leaving only the solid ice to work upon; and a trench, two feet wide, was cut the whole length of the starboard side, from the stem to the rudder, keeping within an inch or two of the bends, and taking care here and there to leave a dike, to prevent the water which might ooze into one part from filling up the others in which the men were working. In this manner was the trench cut with axes, to the depth of about four feet and a half, leaving only eighteen inches for the saws to cut, except in those places where the dikes remained. The saw being then entered in the hole under the stern, was worked in the usual manner,

being suspended by a triangle made of three spars; one cut being made on the outer part of the trench, and a second within an inch or two of the bends, in order to avoid injuring the planks. A small portion of ice being broken off now and then by bars, handspikes; and ice-chisels, floated to the surface, and was hooked out by piecemeal. This operation was a cold and tedious one, and required nine days to complete it. When the workmen had this morning completed the trench within ten or twelve feet of the stern, the ship suddenly disengaged herself from the ice to which she had before been firmly adhering on the larboard side, and rose in the water about ten inches abaft, and nearly eighteen inches forward, with a considerable surge. This disengagement, to which the sailors naturally applied the term "launching," confirmed my supposition, that the ship was held so fast by the ice, as to make it dangerous to alter materially the stowage of the holds, but in a manner the very reverse of what I had apprehended.'

In the beginning of June, Captain Parry, accompanied by a party of officers and men, set out on a journey across Melville Island, to the northern shore; and they returned to the ships by a different route, on the 15th. The island was thus very satisfactorily explored. The journey was, however, unproductive; the soil is generally barren, though, in some places, rich and abounding with the finest moss. Vegetation only exists in some places, and the botanical collections were very limited. Game was more abundant near the sea than inland. The tracks of deer and musk oxen were numerous and recent; and one deer followed the party for some time, and gambolled around them at a distance of only thirty yards. On the 13th of June—

'The sportsmen went out early in the morning, and soon after met with a musk-ox feeding on a spot of luxuriant pasture-ground, covered with the dung of these animals, as well as of deer. They fired at him from a considerable distance, without wounding him, and he set off at a very quick pace over the hills. The musk-ox has the appearance of a very ill-proportioned little animal, its hair being so long as to make its feet appear only two or three inches in length; they seem, indeed, to be treading upon it at every step, and the individual in question actually did so in some instances, as the hair was found in several of the foot-tracks. When disturbed and hunted, they frequently tore up the ground with their horns, and turned round occasionally to look at their pursuers, but they never attempted to attack any of them. Our gentlemen also met with a herd of twelve deer, three only of which had horns, and they were much

the largest of the herd, and constantly drove the others away when they attempted to stop. The birds seen by our people were many brent-geese and ptarmigans, several golden plovers, one or two "boatswains" (*Lestris Parasiticus*), and abundance of snow-buntings. One or two mice (*Mus Hudsonius*) were caught; like several others we had seen, these were turning brown about the belly and head, and the back was of a dark grey colour. In every part of the island over which we travelled, the holes and tracks of these little animals were occasionally seen; one of them, which Serjeant Martin ran after, finding no hole near, and that he could not escape, set himself against a stone, as if endeavouring to defend himself, and bit the serjeant's finger when he took hold of him.'

As the weather got warmer, the crews were enabled to procure a good supply of sorrel, which grew very rapidly near Winter Harbour; the sportsmen began to be successful, and a tolerable quantity of fresh provisions were thus procured. The total quantity obtained for the use of the expedition, during their stay upon the shores of Melville Island, nearly a period of twelve months, was as follows:—three musk-oxen, 24 deer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 59 ducks, and 144 ptarmigans, affording, in the whole, 3766 pounds of meat.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The North Georgia Gazette, and Winter Chronicle. 4to. pp. 132. London, 1821.

THIS work furnishes a pleasing instance of the amiable character of the commander of the late expedition, and of the good nature and social cheerfulness which must have reigned among his little band of adventurers under circumstances so novel and appalling as they had to encounter. To relieve the tedium of a winter passed in the arctic seas, and to keep alive the enthusiastic spirit of the crews, the officers adopted two expedients: those of opening a theatre and commencing a weekly newspaper, to be furnished with original contributions only. The management of the theatre was confided to Lieutenant Beechey, who painted the scenery; and Captain Sabine undertook the charge of editing the paper. In the proposals, it was recommended that an anonymous signature should be affixed to each communication, and that the handwriting should be effectually disguised, to ensure the most rigid impartiality in judging and selecting the articles for insertion. The editor's letter-box was placed on the capstan of the Hecla, and the first num-

ber of the North Georgia Gazette was published November 1, 1819, and the work reached to twenty-one numbers. The whole of these are now republished, and no alteration has been attempted in the respective papers in preparing them for the press. They consist of letters, poems, dramatic critiques, and other light effusions, all relating to the events of the day. They must be severe censors, indeed, who would subject a work written under such circumstances, to the test of rigid criticism. Some of the poetical pieces, however, possess considerable merit, and prove that even an arctic winter cannot chill true genius. We shall quote one or two of these pieces without further comment:—

‘ADDRESS

On the Opening of the Theatre Royal, North Georgia, written and spoken by Mr. Wakeham.

REPOS'D from war—triumphant in the field,
Where rescu'd Europe's destiny was seal'd;
No foe to combat on the rolling wave,
No injur'd monarch that her sword might save,
'Twas still our much-lov'd country's glorious claim

To stand pre-eminent, unmatched in fame,
And in the paths of science yet to find
The liberal plan to benefit mankind.
Far in the north an unknown region lay,
Where growing ice congeal'd the liquid way;
Yet here it seem'd Columbia's bending shore,
Stretch'd westward, heard Pacific Ocean's roar.
Full oft in earlier days had Britons tried
To force a passage through the arrested tide,
But tried in vain, tho' with intrepid skill
Persisting long, in spite of ev'ry ill.
By happier fortune led, 'twas ours to prove
Thus far, uncheck'd by land, the waters rove,
And ice-encumber'd here to win our way
'Mid the long sunshine of an arctic day.
But now for coming storms and frigid air,
Approaching winter bids us well prepare:
The sun retiring, scarce illumines the sky;
Swift driving snows in circling eddies fly,
And soon no gladd'ning ray shall gild our noon,
But from the radiant stars, or changing moon.
While thus inactive we are doom'd to stay,
To cheer the ling'ring hours—behold a play.
And tho' we boast not power by scenic art
To warm the passions or affect the heart,
Yet here secure we tread—no critic's eye
Is bent, with eager gaze, each fault to spy;
Amusement all our aim, if that succeed,
Our wish is gain'd—nor ask we other meed.
But, when emerging from stern Winter's tomb,
Reviving Spring shall chase the dreary gloom,
And genial warmth, expanding o'er the plain,
Pour melting snows in torrents to the main,
When rustling winds, with all resistless sweep,
Unlock the fetter'd surface of the deep—
Then with new ardour will we onward hie,
To seek a passage 'neath this polar sky;
Firm in our leaders' care, who still have shown
The great resolve, the daring deed their own.
Nor—if that Power, whose providential sway
The burping suns and meaner orbs obey,
Approving smile—will we the task give o'er
Till southern surges round our vessels roar;
Then with glad sails we'll plough the foaming seas,
Delighted, list'ning to the swelling breeze

That swift impels us to Britannia's shore,
To love, to friendship, and our homes once more.*

There is great beauty as well as much true poetry in the following lines, which are anonymous:—

‘Lines suggested by the Brilliant Aurora,
Jan. 15, 1820.

‘High quiv'ring in the air, as shadows fly,
The northern lights adorn the azure sky.
Dimm'd by superior blaze, the stars retire,
And heav'n's vast concave gleams with sportive fire.

Soft blazing in the east, the orange hue,
The crimson, purple, and ethereal blue,
Form a rich arch, by floating clouds upheld,
High poised in air, with awful mystery swell'd;
From whose dark centres, with unceasing roll
Rich coruscations gild the glowing pole.
Their varied hues, slow waving o'er the bay,
Eclipse the splendour of the dawning day;
Streamers in quick succession o'er the sky
From the arc's centre far diverging fly;
Pencils of rays, pure as the heaven's own light,
Dart rapid upward to the zenith's height.

Transfix'd with wonder on the frozen flood,
The blaze of grandeur fired my youthful blood;
Deep in th' o'erwhelming maze of Nature's laws,
'Midst her mysterious gloom, I sought the cause;

But vain the search! inscrutable to man
Thy works have been, O God! since time began,
And still shall be—Then let the thought expire;

As late the splendours of Aurora's fire
To dark oblivion sank, in wasting flame;
Like the dim shadows of departed fame!

Of the articles in prose, we cannot speak so highly, though some of them are not destitute of merit. There is, among other articles of intelligence, such as deaths, accidents, and offences, &c. a ‘Law Report in the Court of Common Sense, in the cause of Editor v. Non-Contributors.’ Counsellor Puzzlewell produces affidavits from several of the defendants; one, that of ‘Simon Sidroppel,’ we quote:—

‘This deponent maketh oath and saith, that being from the beginning extremely desirous to contribute towards the support of *The Winter Chronicle*, he was determined to search the heavens and the earth for a subject; and, therefore, betook himself to the study of the globes, in hopes of there stumbling upon something suitable to his purpose. The deponent devoted his first attention to the celestial globe, and earnestly invoked the assistance of every constellation thereupon delineated, but without success. The Great Bear treated him in a manner too rude to be repeated, and the Little Bear (like a dutiful cub,) followed his example. Taurus tossed him, Aries butted him, and he was thus left sprawling between Castor and Pollux. This malicious pair of rogues pretending friendship, led the deponent on imperceptibly, till he found himself in the claws of Cancer, who pinched him most unmercifully, and determined him to have nothing more to do

with the constellations of the Zodiac. Pegasus was the next which appeared, and the deponent, without more ado, resolved to mount him, and at once to enrich the *Chronicle* by a ride to Parnassus—but this attempt had near cost him his life, for he had scarcely mounted, when Pegasus threw him clean over his head, and dislocated his right shoulder. The deponent being thus scurvily treated in his flight among the stars, had nothing left for it but to return to the earth. Here he may be said to have traversed the terraqueous globe in search of a subject, but none has yet offered itself. The deponent having made this declaration, leaveth his case to the justice and clemency of the court, conscious that though his name has never yet appeared in the paper, not one of the contributors has ever gone farther than himself, in search of matter for its support.’

The following extracts are not without point:—

‘*Hostilities in the North.*—General Frost continues to prosecute the siege of Fort Nature with every demonstration of vigour. The approaches have been pushed to the foot of the Glacis and some horn-works which covered it destroyed, but the defences of the body of the place are yet so numerous, that it is considered impossible to effect a breach, and the unremitting vigilance of the garrison precludes all hope of starving them; but various sallies have taken place, and many of the defenders have fallen; on the other hand, masses of the general's troops are almost daily captured, and those who escape the steel are given over to the flames*.

‘The *Army of Observation* † has been a particular object of attack, but the only advantages which have as yet resulted, are the burning of one or two of the bridges of communication, whose defence had not been properly attended to. The general's opponents are, however, not idle, and his posts are incessantly annoyed by red hot shot ‡. Skirmishes happen every day, and frequent enterprises are attempted by the besiegers, but they are generally defeated with loss, although it is said, that affairs have occurred, in which they have actually surprised their foes in bed.

‘Stratagem forms, apparently, a favourite part of the general's system, as a relation of his, with several adherents, were lately found concealed in the water-casks, and at present remain in “durance vile.”

‘On a recent occasion, this officer is reported to have displayed a degree of

* ‘An allusion to the masses of snow which were melted in the coppers for a supply of water.’

† ‘The individuals engaged in celestial observations, whose noses were frequently frost-bitten by coming in contact with the telescopes.’

‡ ‘Heated shot that were employed to warm the officers' cabins.’

coolness never before witnessed, which had the effect of imparting *surprising firmness* to his troops. It is truly remarkable, that though these troops await the charge perfectly immovable, they *drop off* with great celerity when exposed to a *lively fire*. The general's forces are expected to be entirely broken early in the summer, and preparations are making for a vigorous pursuit; of the entire success of which, the most sanguine hopes are entertained.

PHILO-CALORIC.

Advertisement.—For sale by auction, by Nicholas Knockdown, at the Observatory, on the coldest day in January next, a quantity of nankeen, the property of a gentleman who expected to get into the Pacific in September last.

* * * Flannel and furs will be gladly taken as part payment.

A Pun.

'The commander exclaim'd, "What a fine thing is *peat*,

For making a fire and giving out heat;"

"That's true," replied Furclad, who by it was seated,

"I strongly advise you to have it re-peated."

The plays were performed once a fortnight by the officers. The stock of dramatic productions was very limited; so that they could only perform '*Miss in her Teens*, *The Liar*, *The Citizen*, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, and *The Mayor of Garratt*,' until a new musical entertainment was produced, entitled the *North West Passage, or the Voyage Finished*. This piece was in five acts, and traced the progress of the expedition, in anticipation, from Winter Harbour, through the passage to Behring's Straits, and thence home to Deptford, when the sailors, assembling at the Prince of Wales public-house, are joined by their sweethearts, to whom they recount their difficulties and good fortune. This was a great favourite with the crews, and we cannot but admire the philosophy of the officers who could perform this and the other farces at the time that the thermometer was twelve degrees below zero on the stage!

This work, though curious, is scarcely of sufficient importance for a distinct publication; but, from the nature of Captain Parry's narrative, it could not have been admitted there except as an Appendix, which it must now be considered, though rather a more expensive one than we could have wished.

Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its Dependencies. By the Rev. R. Ruding.

(Concluded from p. 298.)

DURING the whole of the reign of George I., the money was of the same species and value as that of Queen

Anne; but, to his style upon the reverse, were added his German titles, with FIDEI DEFENSOR, which then, for the first time, appeared upon the coins, although it had been constantly used in the style of our monarchs from Henry VIII., on whom it was conferred by Pope Leo X., in the year 1521. In 1718, a new species of money was coined, called a Quarter-Guinea, being the fourth part of a guinea in value, and bearing the same impression. A proclamation was also issued, which enforced the provisions of a former decree, that no gold or silver money should be paid without weighing it, and making an allowance for any deficiency of weight.

The want of small money in Ireland was so great in 1722, that the manufacturers were compelled to pay their men with tallies, or tokens of card, signed upon the back, to be afterwards exchanged for money. In order to supply this want, a patent for fourteen years was granted to William Wood, Esq. for coining halfpence and farthings in that kingdom, to the extent of three hundred and sixty tons. This measure was attacked with great, and, as Mr. Ruding clearly shews, with unjust severity, by Dean Swift, not only in the celebrated Draper's Letters, but he also preached two sermons on the subject. It appears, that Ireland would have sustained a loss of 80,000l. or about 6000l. a-year, if Wood had coined the whole quantity allowed by his patent, according to the lightest of those halfpence which he had sent over into Ireland; but it is proved, from Sir Isaac Newton's report of the assay of these coins, that some of them actually exceeded in weight the terms of the patent; and that, although they were of unequal size, yet, one piece with another, they were of full weight, and better copper money than had been coined for Ireland in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary.

Of these facts, Swift was not ignorant, but he revenged the neglect of the administration, by attacking it through Wood's halfpence, which he rendered so unpopular, that the patent was relinquished. Among other misrepresentations, Swift calls Wood a mean ordinary man, a hardware dealer, when, in fact, he was a great proprietor and renter of iron and copper-works in England, and had a lease of all the mines on the crown lands, in thirty-nine counties.

When a reward was offered for the

discovery of the author of the Draper's Fourth Letter, a note was sent to Swift, with the following text, from 1 Samuel, chap. xiv. ver. 45:—"And the people said unto Saul, shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid. As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not." It was said to be written by a Quaker.

Although Swift denied that there had been any want of small change in Ireland, yet no sooner were Wood's halfpence withdrawn, than the want was so great, that, in 1728, local tokens were struck in several towns in the north of Ireland.

In the reign of George II., the gold coins were often reduced in their size, by unprincipled men, who filed to the amount of nine or twelve grains from the edge of each guinea. This was afterwards prevented, by adopting the suggestion of the Rev. Peter Vallavine, Vicar of Monkton, in the Isle of Thanet, which was to place the letters as near the edge of the coin as possible; the laws, in regard to uttering counterfeit money, were made more severe; and increased rewards offered for the apprehension of offenders. No alteration was made in the style upon the coins during this reign.

At the accession of George III., the coinage was found to be in a very imperfect state. The crown pieces had almost wholly disappeared; the half-crowns were defaced and impaired, and the shillings and sixpences had lost almost every mark of impression, either on the obverse or reverse. A coinage of gold took place in 1760, and one of silver, though to a very small extent, in 1763. Notwithstanding new and more severe enactments, the coinage became worse and worse, the gold was deficient in weight, and three-fourths of the silver in circulation was counterfeit. This, indeed, continued to be, in a great measure, the case during the whole reign, until the coinage in 1816.

The striking of provincial coins and tradesmen's tokens, which was suggested, and in some degree justified, by the disgraceful state of the copper coinage, began with the Anglesey penny, in 1784, and from that time, increased rapidly, until they were superseded by an issue of lawful coins in the year 1797. The coinage transactions of this year form a strange anomaly in the history of the mint. The

deficiency of the silver coins was attempted to be supplied by the issue of Spanish dollars, countermarked upon the neck of the bust, with the mark of the king's head, used at Goldsmith's Hall; and the jealousy which had hitherto confined the art of coinage within the walls of some place under his majesty's jurisdiction, was now so completely lulled asleep, that a contract was entered into with Mr. Boulton, of Soho, near Birmingham, for the coinage of five hundred tons of copper-money, in pence only; this was afterwards followed by a coinage of two-penny pieces, halfpence, and farthings.

On the union of Great Britain and Ireland, in 1801, it was declared, that from henceforth, his majesty's royal style and title should be **GEORGIUS TERTIUS, DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REX FIDEI DEFENSOR**. In 1804, it having been discovered, that the stamp upon the dollars had been frequently counterfeited, the old dollar was re-stamped at Mr. Boulton's manufactory, with his majesty's head and an inscription on the obverse, and *Britannia* on the reverse; these were made current at five shillings, and were a sort of token issued by the Bank of England. In 1811, they were raised to five shillings and sixpence, and the Bank issued tokens of three shillings, and of one shilling and sixpence value. All these have been called in, and are no longer current.

In February, 1817, an extensive silver coinage was issued and exchanged for the wretched silver money then current. All English shillings and sixpences, however plain, were taken by the Bank of England, and at the places appointed in various parts of the metropolis for issuing the new money.

In the same year, a new gold coin was issued, the Sovereign, which, however, never obtained much circulation; but now the Bank has resumed cash payments, we begin to see them pretty plentiful. Half sovereigns were also coined a few months afterwards. Upwards of five millions of sovereigns, three millions of half-sovereigns, and fifty millions of shillings, and thirty millions of sixpences, had been coined up to June, 1818. A coinage of new crown pieces also took place in that year.

Having now given a rapid sketch of the British coinage, from the earliest period of its history to the year 1818, we shall not extend our remarks further, than by noticing a subject to

which we alluded in the outset—that fundamental error that has pervaded the whole system of the coinage, and vitiated every proceeding under it—the mistaken notion that pains and penalties can be devised more powerful in their effect than the temptations of avarice. On this subject, Mr. Ruding shows clearly, how insufficient the terror of punishment is, when the crime is so lucrative and so easily committed; and he offers, as the only means of preventing the crime, the following suggestions:—

‘The theory of coinage must be simplified, by casting out of it the consideration of the manner in which our money will be received by the neighbouring nations. For they will take it only as bullion, and if the balance of trade be against us, and must be made good by gold and silver, it is most expedient that it should be done by the plain metal, which will cost nothing in the coinage.

‘The theory, thus simplified, will regard only the convenience of the subjects of that monarch by whom the money is struck; and therefore, in our case, the sole consideration will be, whether we will receive the coins at such a weight as the highest price which bullion has ever attained will allow, or whether we will be contented with a scarcity of gold, with adulterated silver and copper, and the miserable expedient of filling up the void, either with tokens, or with paper money of any man's issuing, who can find credit sufficient to force it into currency.

‘If we are, as unquestionably we with justice may be, dissatisfied with that compound medium which is now in circulation, the remedy seems to be of no difficult attainment.

‘Let the weight of the coins be so reduced as to prevent their being affected by variations in the price of bullion; and let the workmanship of them be of the most exquisite kind that the artists of this country can effect. By these means, the destruction of the money by melting will be prevented, and the possibility of counterfeiting will be confined to workmen of the highest order, who will rarely be tempted to fraud by the pressure of want.

‘Let the standard of fineness be continued as heretofore; because few persons are able to judge with accuracy of the nature of the alloy; but every man can weigh the coins, and therefore the diminution in that respect, will be open to the examination of all.

‘Let the money be made smaller in diameter, and of greater thickness than it is at present, in order to allow higher relief to the impression, and to prevent the loss of weight by wearing, which is, in a great degree, according to the extent of surface. This will also allow the edges to be defended by the impression of a legend.

‘Let the proportionate value of gold and silver to each other be accurately ad-

justed, that the over-rating of one may not produce the destruction of the other.

‘And let the quantity of the various metals to be coined be regulated, according to the nature of the exchanges which are most commonly effected. These, from the increase of wealth amongst us, will require that the gold should form the principal part of the coinage, and that the silver and copper should be considered only as aliquot parts, or as fractions, of it.

‘If this plan, or something equivalent to it, cannot be adopted, the coinage of gold and silver must be altogether abandoned, and those metals must circulate, as they do in China, by weight.

‘But surely the time is not yet come, when it will be necessary, or even expedient, to make so near an approach to the barbarism of simple barter. The good sense of the people will feel the propriety of regulating the weight of the money, according to the increased value of the precious metals; and they will readily agree to a diminution of weight, proportioned to the security which they will receive against the imposition of counterfeits.

‘One thing alone will then be wanting to the perfection of the coinage, and that is, the superseding of heraldic ensigns, by reverses allusive to public events, according to the proposal of Dean Swift, in the reign of Queen Anne, which has been already mentioned, but is in my mind of so great importance, that I do not scruple to repeat it.

“By this means, medals, that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the same time, perpetuate the glories of the monarch's reign, reward the labours of his greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes, nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.”

‘I would not, however, limit the reverses to the sole recording of what are commonly understood to be *illustrious actions*, but would extend their province so as to comprehend all remarkable discoveries in manufactures, commerce, art, or science, or, in short, to whatever tends to promote the perfection and happiness of man.’

Although Mr. Ruding did not live to reap that rich reward of fame, which a work like his *Annals of the Coinage* must have insured him, yet it will remain an imperishable monument of his indefatigable zeal, talents, and industry. The quarto volume of plates contains well executed engravings of all the British coins that are known, and

presents, at one view, the progress of the coinage of the kingdom, from its rudest form, with all the alterations that it has undergone.

Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari.

(Concluded from p. 310.)

IN the early period of the reign of Murat, his suspicions were excited against the Carbonari, and he began to hate and persecute them. He also prevailed on the Pope to issue an edict against freemasons and secret societies, in 1814. The Carbonari, kept under by an active system of police, only began to put their doctrines in practice when Murat's power began to totter; and when, in 1815, the Austrian army advanced on Naples, they chose that moment for revenge, and joined the cause of King Ferdinand. On this occasion, the Carbonari made a momentary junction with the Calderari (Braziers), a society that had been organized to counteract the power of the Carbonari.

In 1817, the government of Naples began to be alarmed at the operation of this sect, as manifestoes were distributed in all directions by its means, calling on the king to give a constitution to his people, as he had promised. Severe measures were threatened, but not carried into effect, and the operations of the Carbonari were for a time suspended. The sect continued to increase daily throughout the kingdom. In the city of Naples, there were upwards of three hundred and forty lodges. The Capri line of battle ships alone contained three. In March, 1820, the number of Carbonari enrolled, amounted to six hundred and forty-two thousand.

The persons who, from the beginning, have directed the labours of the Carbonari towards a political and constitutional object, have always been few in number. The impulse once given and received, they voluntarily withdrew behind the scenes, and have been forgotten. Of these, the Canonico Menechini, at Nola, was one of the most popular. He was appointed one of the members of the Committee of Public Safety, in the late revolution, and twice served the cause of humanity; first, by calming the enraged populace assembled before the royal palace, at the time of the massacre of the Neapolitans; and afterwards by disarming the resentment of the ferocious Carbonari, in the field of Mars, when they threatened the lives of the Ex-mi-

nisters, Medici and Tommacci. But the reputation of Menechini soon declined, and he set out for Messina, to organize Carbonarism in Sicily.

It was long imagined, that the Po was the boundary line of the sect in Italy; but this is a mistaken notion, as its principles, under different forms, are very widely diffused. It has been questioned, whether the Neapolitan Carbonari aim at a republic, or would be contented with a constitutional monarchy. The author of these memoirs proves, by the publications of the Carbonari, that nothing short of a republic would satisfy them. Their hatred to kings, who are invariably called tyrants, appears in their proclamations, their oaths, and their songs. The lyrical motto, which decorates the title page of the Constitution of the Lucanian republic, is as follows:—

'Thy plant will strike its roots alone
'Midst fragments of a shatter'd throne;
Nor freshest dews its leaves may nourish,—
'Tis regal blood must make it flourish.'

The Western Lucanian Republic is more crafty in the pursuit of its object, and conceals it better. It sometimes assumes the credit of wishing to support the constitution, and states its intentions mildly, though its ultimate object is that of republicanism. This society, which is said once to have amounted to one million, cannot, however, have been very unanimous or determined; for, if the late revolution in Naples had been so popular as it was said to be, a million of Carbonari, to whom blood and carnage has no horrors, would not have tamely submitted to the yoke of Austria, without making a single effort for independence. The author of these Memoirs, in conclusion, says, that the society is daily losing ground by its imprudence, and that, as the curiosity of its members is no longer excited by an unknown object, their zeal is no longer kept alive by mystery.

As a supplement to these Memoirs, the author has given a particular account of General Church's campaign against the brigands of Calabria and the Abruzzi, in 1817. One of the most celebrated leaders of those lands was the Priest *Ciro Annichiarico*, who, driven from society for his crimes, took refuge in the mountain forests, and having collected a band of desperate outlaws, long carried on his depredations unmolested. Of this prince of freebooters, we have an interesting account:—

'*Ciro Annichiarico*, born of parents in easy circumstances, in the little

town of Grottaglie, was destined to the ecclesiastical profession, and entertained it very young. His brothers are respectable farmers; his uncle, the Canonico Patitaro, is a man of learning and information, and never took any part in the crimes of his nephew. The latter began his infamous career by killing a young man of the Motelesi family, in a fit of jealousy. His insatiable hatred pursued every member of the family, and exterminated them one after the other, with the exception of a single individual, who succeeded in evading his search, and who lived shut up in his house for several years, without ever daring to go out. This unfortunate being thought that a snare was laid for him when people came to tell him of the imprisonment, and shortly after of the death of his enemy; and it was with difficulty that he was induced to quit his retreat.

'*Ciro*, condemned for the murder of the Motelesi, to fifteen years of chains, or exile, by the tribunal of Lecce, remained there in prison four years, at the end of which time he succeeded in escaping. It was then that he began, and afterwards continued for several years, to lead a vagabond life, which was stained with the most atrocious crimes. At Martano, he penetrated with his satellites into one of the first houses of the place, and, after having offered violence to its mistress, he massacred her with all her people, and carried off ninety-six thousand ducats.

'He was in correspondence with all the hired brigands; and whoever wished to get rid of an enemy, had only to address himself to *Ciro*. On being asked by Captain Montorj, reporter of the military commission which condemned him, how many persons he had killed with his own hand, he carelessly answered, "*E chi lo sa? saranno tra sessanta e settanta.*" Who can remember? they will be between sixty and seventy. One of his companions, Occhiolupo, confessed to seventeen; the two brothers, Francesco and Vito Serio, to twenty-three; so that these four ruffians alone had assassinated upwards of a hundred!

'The activity of *Ciro* was as astonishing as his artifice and intrepidity. He handled the musket and managed the horse to perfection; and as he was always extremely well mounted, found concealment and support, either through fear or inclination, every where. He succeeded in escaping from the hands of the soldiers, by forced marches of thirty and forty miles, even when confidential spies had discovered his place of concealment but a few hours before. The singular good fortune of being able to extricate himself from the most imminent dangers, acquired for him the reputation of a necromancer, upon whom ordinary means of attack had no power among the people, and he neglected nothing which could confirm this idea, and increase the sort of spell it produced upon the peasants. They dared not execrate, or even blame him in his absence, so

firmly were they persuaded that his demons would immediately inform him of it. On the other hand, again, he affected a libertine character; some very free French songs were found in his portfolio when he was arrested. Although a priest himself, and exercising the functions of one when he thought it expedient, he often declared his colleagues to be impostors without any faith. He published a paper against the missionaries, who, according to him, disseminated illiberal opinions among the people, and forbade them on pain of death to preach in the villages, "because, instead of the true principles of the Gospel, they taught nothing but fables and impostures." This paper is headed, "*In nome della Grande Assemblea Nazionale dell' Ex-Regno di Napoli, o piuttosto dell' Europa intera, pace e salute.*"—"In the name of the Great National Assembly of the Ex-Kingdom of Naples, or rather of all Europe, peace and health."

He amused himself sometimes with whims, to which he tried to give an air of generosity. General d'Octavio, a Corsican in the service of Murat, pursued him for a long time with a thousand men. One day, Ciro, armed at all points, surprised him walking in a garden. He discovered himself, remarking that the life of the general was in his hands; "but," said he, "I will pardon you this time, although I shall no longer be so indulgent, if you continue to hunt me about with such fury." So saying, he leaped over the garden wall and disappeared.

Having hidden himself, with several of his people, behind a ruined wall at the entrance gate of Grottaglie, the day when General Church and the Duke of San Cesario, accompanied by some horsemen, reconnoitred the place, he did not fire upon them; he wished to make a merit of this before the military commission, but it was probably the fear of not being able to escape from the troops who followed the general, that made him circumspect on this occasion.

Ciro's physiognomy had nothing repulsive about it; it was rather agreeable. He had a verbose, but persuasive eloquence, and was fond of inflated phrases. Extremely addicted to women, he had mistresses, at the period of his power, in all the towns of the province over which he was constantly ranging. He was of middle stature, well made, and very strong.

Ciro put himself at the head of the *Patrioti Europei* and *Decisi*, two associations of the most desperate character. The institution of the *Decisi*, or Decided, is so horrible, that it makes one shudder to contemplate it. The author has given a fac-simile of their patent, which will give some idea of the society. The following is the translation:—

'The Salentine Decision.

'Health.

'No. 5. Grand Masons.

'The Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer hopes to make war against the tyrants of the universe, &c. &c.

'The mortal Gaetano Caffieri is a Brother Decided, No. 5, belonging to the Decision of Jupiter the Thunderer, spread over the face of the earth, by his Decision, has had the pleasure to belong to this Salentine Republican Decision. We, invite, therefore, all philanthropic societies to lend their strong arm to the same, and to assist him in his wants, he having come to the decision that he will obtain liberty or death. Dated this day, the 29th of October, 1817.

Signed,

Pietro Gargaro (the Decided Grand Master, No. 1.)

Vito de Serio, Second Decided.

Gaetano Caffieri,

Registrar of the Dead.

'As the number of these Decided ruffians was small, they easily recognized each other. We find that the Grand Master bears the No. 1; Vito de Serio, No. 2; the proprietor of the patent, Gaetano Caffieri, No. 5. He figures himself among the signatures with the title of Registrar of the Dead, which does not allude to the deceased members of the society, but to the victims they immolated, and of whom they kept a register apart, on the margin of which were found blasphemies and infernal projects. They had also a Director of Funeral Ceremonies, for they slaughtered with method and solemnity. As soon as the detachments employed on this service found it convenient to effect their purpose, at the signal of the first blast of a trumpet they unsheathed their poignards; they aimed them at their victim at the second blast; at the third, they gradually approach their weapons to his breast, "*con vero entusiasmo*" (with real enthusiasm,) in their cannibal language, and plunged them into his body at the fourth signal.

'The four points which are observable after the signature of Pietro Gargaro, indicate his power of passing sentence of death. When the Decisi wrote to any one to extort contributions, or to command him to do any thing—if they added these four points, it was known that the person they addressed was condemned to death in case of disobedience. If the points were not added, he was threatened with milder punishment, such as laying waste his fields, or burning his house.

'The Salentine Republic, the ancient name of this district, was also that destined for their imaginary republic, which they called "*un anello della Repubblica Europa*," a link of the European Republic.

'The symbols of the thunderbolt darting from a cloud and striking the crowns and tiara; the fasces and the cap of liberty planted upon a death's head between two axes; the skulls and bones

with the words, "*Tristezza, Morte, Terrore, and Lutto*," sadness, death, terror, and mourning, sufficiently characterise this association. Their colours were yellow, red, and blue, which surround the patent.'

With men linked by such ties, a person of Ciro's determined character was not to be put down easily; we therefore find him making the most desperate efforts in defending a farmhouse (Masseria), into which he had thrown himself:—

'Worn out with fatigue, Ciro and three companions, Vito di Cesare, Giovanni Palmieri, and Michele Cuppoli, had taken refuge in Scaserba, to repose themselves for a few hours. He had previously provided this and all the farm-houses of the district with ammunition and some provisions. When he saw the militia of S. Marzano marching against him, he appeared very little alarmed, and thought he could easily cut his way through their ranks. He shot the first man dead who came within range of his musket. This delay cost him dear: the militia sent information to Lieutenant Fonsmore, stationed at the "*Castelli*," a strong position between Grottaglie and Francavilla. This officer hastened to the spot with forty men. On seeing him approach, Ciro perceived that a vigorous attack was to be made. He shut up the people of the Masseria in the straw magazine, and put the key in his pocket. He took away the ladder from the tower, and loaded, with the aid of his companions, all the guns, of which he had a good number.

'Major Bianchi, informed of what was going on, sent on the same evening a detachment of Gendarmes, under Captain Corsi, and the next morning proceeded in person to Scaserba. The siege was formed by one hundred and thirty-two soldiers; the militia, on which little dependence was placed, were stationed at some distance, and in the second line.

'Ciro vigorously defended the approaches to his tower till sun-set. He attempted to escape in the night, but the neighing of a horse made him suspect that some cavalry had arrived, whose pursuit it would be impossible to elude. He retired, after having killed, with a pistol shot, a Voltigeur, stationed under the wall he had attempted to scale. He again shut himself up in his tower, and employed himself till morning in making cartridges. At day-break, the besiegers tried to burst open the wooden gate of the outer wall; Ciro and his men repulsed the assailants by a well-directed fire; they killed five and wounded fourteen men. A barrel of oil was brought, in order to burn the door. The first man who set fire to it was shot through the heart. A four pounder, which had been conveyed to the place, was pointed against the roof of the tower. Several of this calibre had been contrived to be easily dismounted from their carriages, and transported on

mules. This little piece produced great effect. The tiles and bricks which fell, forced Ciro to descend from the second story to the first. He was tormented with a burning thirst, for he had forgotten to provide himself with water, and he never drank wine. This thirst soon became insupportable.

'After some deliberations with his companions, he demanded to speak with General Church, who, he believed, was in the neighbourhood, then to the Duke of Jasi, who was also absent; at last, he resolved to capitulate with Major Bianchi. He addressed the besiegers, and threw them some bread. Major Bianchi promised him that he should not be maltreated by the soldiers. He descended the ladder, opened the door of the tower, and presented himself with the words, "Eccomi, Don Ciro!"—Here I am, Don Ciro!

'He begged them to give him some water to quench his thirst, and desired them to liberate the farmer and his family, who had been shut up all this while in the straw magazine. He declared that they were innocent, and distributed money among them.

'He suffered himself to be searched and bound patiently; some poison was found upon him; he asserted that his companions had prevented him from taking it. He conversed quietly enough with Major Bianchi on the road to Francavilla, and related to him the principal circumstances of his life.

'In prison, he appeared to be interested for the fate of some of his partisans, begging that they might not be persecuted, and declaring that they had been forced to do what they had done.

'He had entertained some hope, till the moment when he was placed before the Council of war, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Guarini. He addressed a speech to him, taking him for General Church. He insisted on speaking to that officer; this was refused, and he resigned himself to his fate, dryly saying, "Ho capito," (I understand—).

'When condemned to death, a missionary offered him the consolations of religion, Ciro answered him with a smile, "*Lasciate queste chiacchiere; siamo dell'istessa professione; non ci burliamo fra noi.*"—Let us leave alone this prating; we are of the same profession; don't let us laugh at one another.

'As he was led to execution, the 8th of February, 1818, he recognized Lieutenant Fonsmorte, and addressed these words to him, "*Se io fosse Re, vi farei Capitano.*"—If I were King, I would make you a Captain. This officer was the first to arrive at Scaserba with his soldiers.

'The streets of Francavilla were filled with people: there were spectators even upon the roofs. They all preserved a gloomy silence.

'On his arrival at the place of execution, Ciro wished to remain standing; he was told to kneel, he did so, presenting

his breast. He was then informed, that malefactors, like himself, were shot with their backs towards the soldiers; he submitted, at the same time advising a priest, who persisted in remaining near him, to withdraw, so as not to expose himself.

'Twenty-one balls took effect, four in the head, yet he still breathed and muttered in his throat; the twenty-second put an end to him. This fact is confirmed by all the officers and soldiers present at his death. "As soon as we perceived," said a soldier, very gravely, "that he was enchanted, we loaded his own musket with a silver ball, and this destroyed the spell." It will be easily supposed, that the people, who always attributed supernatural powers to him, were confirmed in their belief by this tenaciousness of life, which they considered miraculous.'

Our readers will perceive, that this is a very curious and interesting volume, and that the author is well acquainted with the subject on which he writes. The facts are, however, stated in so desultory a manner, that it is difficult to form a connected narrative from them. The plates, which are in lithography, are numerous, and include several portraits; with fac-similes of the Patents of the different ranks of Carbonari, &c. The work exhibits a singular picture of the state of society in Naples, and, as containing details of one of the most remarkable institutions of modern times, will be read with great interest.

Original Communications.

ON PLAGIARISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Observing some observations in a cotemporary literary journal, relative to the imitations, or plagiarisms, of Lord Byron, will you permit me to ask the author of those 'Rivers of Macedonia and Monmouth,' whether he has ever read Virgil, or Tasso, or Spenser, or Milton, or Gray?—And if he should chance never to have heard of those transcendent writers, I presume to advise him to spare a few of his leisure hours to their perusal; and when he has done so, for every plagiarism of Lord Byron, that he has pointed out, I will undertake to point out forty in Virgil, thirty-five in Tasso, fifty in Spenser, and one hundred in Milton. A man of an enlarged mind, and of extensive reading, can no more trace the chronology of his thoughts, or know whence he has acquired the stores treasured in the precincts of his imagination, than the ocean can be presumed to know from what mountains the va-

rious rivers, which flow into it, derive their sources.

The charge of plagiarism has been brought against Lord Byron, evidently from malice.—But whether the charge be true or not, I will venture to assert, that there never was a GREAT poet, who did not cull flowers from every field within his reach.—To know diamonds when he sees them in the quarry; to polish them; and to set them in his own casket, is the very *business* of great poets. It is what little poets dare not do, and cannot do.—Their rivulets are easily formed:—to constitute great rivers, vast tracks of country, must contribute their supplies.—This subject is very well elucidated by the elegant author of the 'Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,' an account of which you gave in one of your recent numbers. Z. Z.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW AND AMPLE MISSIONARY FUND.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—At this annual return of the assembling from all parts of the empire, of the friends and favourers of the missionary cause, to unite their counsels, their exertions, and their substance, to send the gospel to the heathen; allow me, through your paper, to throw in my mite into the evangelising treasury. Circumstances constrain me to say, with Peter and John, when an alms was requested from them, 'silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto you;' a happy suggestion of a ready and an abundant pecuniary supply. In addition to the weekly penny offerings of children and servants, the large donations of opulent individuals, the society, and the congregational offerings, let all the ministers 'who favour the dust of Zion,' throw off their golden rings that are upon their fingers, and convert them into guineas, in order to promote the conversion of the heathen. Were ever the fingers of the Apostle Paul adorned, disgraced, with the glitter of a gold ring? Nay, were ever the fingers of one infinitely greater than Paul so ornamented? To the honour of the zeal and piety of the venerable David, when his princes and his people were assembled to collect for the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, it is expressly recorded (1 Chron. xxix. 8.), 'And they with whom precious stones were found, gave them to the treasure of the house of the Lord.' Go to now, ye opulent sons of Levi, whose consciences are not the most flexible, see if you can

again have the daring inconsistency to lift up your *humble*, your sparkling hands in all your zealous ardour, eloquently extorting the last farthing from your hearers, without first complying with this requisition. And if all the ladies would imitate the conduct of the Hebrew ladies in the wilderness, who cut off their ear-rings to make the golden-calf, the sum would be rendered ten, nay, an hundred fold.

J. R.

THE PLEASURES OF SPRING.

'These blessings, friend, a Deity bestowed.'

VIRGIL.

THE time is fast approaching when the citizens, with their sons, daughters, and friends, will be induced to leave their confined dwellings to view the openness of the season and solicit the delicate harmonies of spring. Whatsoever the divine may urge to wean the mind from natural objects of temporary attraction;—whatsoever the man of the world may adduce in support of acquiring heaps of wealth and increase of power, recreation is necessary, and air and exercise are productive of the greatest benefits, and insure the happiest results. Can we then be surprised at the hilarity that shines on the countenances of those walking abroad in the country, who have been for weeks or months incarcerated in this vast metropolis, whose houses are never visited by the sun, and whose atmospheres are never ventilated by the oxygenated air of cheerfulness? The elasticities of our unchained animals are full of encouragement. After jostling in narrow streets and popular entries,—after being moderately stunned with the rattle of coaches, the hammering of copper-smiths, and the clang of trunk-makers,—how grateful the silence of the green worlds around and the blue worlds above! The freedom of space is the gift of heaven, and man is most in his nature and element when the recipient of it. As the beings of one common and bountiful father, we are taught to admire the extent and variety of his works. The very modest-looking primrose gives us sensibility: we separate it from its crinkled leaves, and it seems to teach a lesson of morality to us, by saying, as it were, 'thus soon and thus prematurely may thy dear girl be torn away from thy sympathising love!'—The cloud shall show us the fleetingness of our joys. The daisy that resists the curling wind and the withering cold to recover its tranquillity, shall tell us, when we have

lost our peace, with what difficulty we may regain it, and, when regained, how liable it is to be disturbed! The pen-sile rush, that combats the elements of air and water, and determines to keep its own likeness on the wave, teaches us perseverance. The voices of birds in the harbouring trees shall invite our spirits to melody and give new energies to our imaginations; they shall remind us of innocence in beauty; allure us to soft pasturage and calm shadows. Such are the pleasures which the rational and attentive observer of nature will enjoy.—But all citizens have not this taste. There are anglers who walk forth equipped in all the paraphernalia of their *patient* profession; and they are sociable with no one but *cruelty*,—with much tenderness of emphasis, called *sport*. There are motley groupes who form a train from where 'Hicks' Hall formerly stood,' to Hampstead Heath, to try the passions of bull-dogs by their killing one another;—and this is called a trial of *skill*. There are bucks of the first order who give their fascinating ladies airings of pleasure, and who perform their evolutions wonderfully, if they return without having driven over a child and broken one of the vehicle's wheels! and this is a most successful way to penetrate their fair one's tender bosoms. Heroes of less aspiring character take their pipes, and seem to infer that walking among the flowers and grass, only makes them tired, and to no purpose. These may be said to *drink their health* truly. Others prefer the skittle-ground, to raise the boisterous laugh, and fatigue themselves with pleasure, like many of their superiors in life,—

'But we are spirits of another sort: I with the morning's love have oft made sport; And, like a forester, the groves may tread, Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.'

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Yet, immoderate pleasure is as satiating, unprofitable, and injurious, as the entire want of it. Let every one, then, seek for recreation in his own way, if it be lawful and just, recollecting that its temperate use will add to his felicity, while its excessive abuse will expose him to the contumely of the world, and injure all his genial relations and social interests.

April, 1821.

J. R. P.

Original Poetry.

IMPROMPTU.

'For a few nights only! Il Diavolo Antonio!! Engaged at an immense expense!!!'—Play Bill.

THE Coburg Proprietor needs some amends, Or he'll be in a terrible way; For, in striving to please all his numerous friends, He has at length got the 'Devil to Pay.'—L.

SONG.

WILL you gang wi' me, lassie,
To the bonnie braes of Laggan:
A' my care shall be, lassie,
Ever to content ye.

My cottage stands beneath a hill,
Beside a siller-winding rill;
It may be your's, lass, an ye will,
And it may weel content ye.

Will ye gang wi' me, lassie, &c.

The crystal spey runs roaring by,
Reflecting mountains, trees, and sky;
The little birds that round us fly,
Their sweetest numbers chaunt, aye—

Will ye gang, &c.

When summer busks the boughs in green,
And a' things gay and sweet are seen,
The crimson heath-bell crowns the scene,
Sae fragrant and sae dainty.—

Will ye gang, &c.

Ye shall hae fouth o' milk and meal,
I'll kill the roe-buck o' the hill,
I hae a heart that's true and leal,
That beats but to content ye.

Will ye gang, &c.

In Laggan's bonnie flowery glen,
Our snaw-white bleating flocks we'll pen;
Wi' modest dames and honest men
We'll live baith gay and canty.

Will ye gang, &c.

As through the path of life ye gae,
Wi' sweetest flowers I'll strew the way;
I'll soothe your ev'ry care and wae,
In ev'ry wish prevent ye.

Will ye gang, &c.

And when auld age shall nip our bloom,
We'll sink together to the tomb,
While neighbours round our grave shall come,
And wi' kind tears lament us.

Will ye gang wi' me, lassie, &c.

AULD DOMINIE.

SONNET.

METHOUGHT I saw thee, fairer far than light,
Flit on the dark wing of my clouded dream,
Shedding upon my troubled soul a gleam
Of transient hope, that glimmer'd thro' the night
Of fathomless despair, which veil'd my sight.
Oh! then my fancy rov'd to each past scene;
To cares that are, to joys that once have been—
To love; but then the vision wing'd its flight
To the blue heaven's expanse; as the pale moon
Guided the airy phantom on its way
To those domains of bliss, and left the gloom
That clasped the forest in its arms, but soon,
Soon shall I follow thee, by that bright ray
Which lights to happiness beyond the tomb.

14th April, 1821.

H. A.

SONNET TO MAY.

TRUE, flower-crown'd queen, unnumber'd are
the songs,
Unnumber'd poets in thy praise have fram'd;
Yet to thee still so sweet a charm belongs,—
Such transports glad our souls when thou art
named,
Felt nor by heroes e'en nor poets, famed
For inspiration these, and those for arms,
(Tho' wreathes of fadeless bay by each are
claim'd,)
Apollo's heaven-strung lyre and Mar's
alarms;—
That, May, I would thee liken to the calms
That sleep serenely on a summer sea;
Or, when our happiest days life's sunbeam
warms,—
The space 'twixt manhood and mild infancy,
When nought save pleasure smiles our steps
around;
For with thee, month of love, those joys again
are found! ALPHEUS.

THE SIGH OF LOVE: A SONG.

SOFT is the sigh that friendship knows
When early life is done;
Soft swells the tear that warmly flows
To pleasures that are gone;
And soft the sigh of evening breeze,
Thro' shady bower and grove;
But softer sweeter far than these,
The anxious sigh of love.
Quick heaves the trav'ler's throbbing breast,
His long lost home to view,
And hopes his wearied limbs to rest,
Where being first he drew;
These sighs of grief and sorrow's train
A painful feeling move,—
But 'tis a soft and pleasing pain
That prompts the sigh of love.
Ah! who the mystic joy can tell
Which mutual lovers feel,
When thro' the breast soft tumults swell,
With bliss-bestowing zeal?
Their's is a joy without control,
Pure as the skies above;
Their's the soft agonies of soul,
The anxious sigh of love. ***

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN noticing the present Exhibition, we shall not consider ourselves bound to adhere strictly to the numerical arrangement, though we shall not, perhaps, deviate far from it; the field, however, is so ample, that we shall be compelled to brevity in order to notice a due proportion of those pictures which are worthy of remark.

No. 8. 'May-day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.'—C. R. Leslie. While we do justice to this artist for the correctness of the costume, and his close observance of the manners of the age, which he has displayed in the picture, we must confess it does not give us so lively a picture of those festive sports as Strutt, in his *Queen's Hall*, and Dr. Aikin, in his *Shakespeare*, had led us to expect. It is true we

have Robin Hood, maid Marian, and Friar Tuck, with the hobby horse, fool, and dragon, but they are not very characteristically drawn; nor is the grouping very happy. Perhaps the best point of time for the May-day sports would have been the procession. The young men and maidens, Robin Hood, with his 'grass-green tunic,' the maid Marian 'elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic,' with her bride maids, and the May pole, drawn by eight fine oxen, while the rear was closed by the 'hobby horse and the dragon,' would have afforded fine scope for an artist of Mr. Leslie's talents. He has, however, made an interesting and beautiful picture, and we will not quarrel with him because we think it might have been better.—No. 17. 'Portrait of a favourite Horse.'—T. Woodward, and No. 44. 'Portrait of Tippoo, a favourite Spaniel,'—Mr. T. Ward, are good specimens of animal painting.—No. 20. 'The Vintage.'—T. Stothard, R. A. There is so much ingenuity and inventive talent displayed in this picture, that even a very lengthened description would convey but a feeble outline of its merits. The artist has converted a scene, which former painters always rendered disgusting, into one of delicacy; and, instead of representing the 'Vintage' as a scene of drunkenness and vulgarity, has made it moral and instructive. The time selected is when the grape-gatherers have completed their work, and are returning home. In the principal group, two of them are caressing each other; and behind are several graceful females with their baskets on their heads; one of them is plucking fruit from the vine, while, to the left, a man is enlivening the scene by playing on a musical instrument. Bacchus is not the loathsome being he has hitherto been represented, but the beautiful god of the Greeks. The composition of this piece is very fine, and not in the least laboured; in point of colouring however it is deficient.—No. 22. 'The Burial of Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower.'—J. Northcote, R. A. The vigorous pencil of this distinguished artist, has given a very forcible and striking representation of that tragic scene, so well known in English history. The countenances of the murderers, and their eagerness to consign their victims to their ignoble tomb, are well expressed.—No. 22. 'Portraits of Master and Miss Russell.'—T. Phillips, R. A.—is a well fi-

nished picture, and represents the children as of a fine playful disposition, and very agreeably employed.—No. 33. 'The Murder of Archbishop Sharp, on Magus' Moor, 1679.'—W. Allan. This is a fine subject for the painter. An aged man, not freed from the consciousness of having wronged his assassins, meeting an awful and unexpected death; a lovely daughter, compelled to witness the sacrifice of her sire; and a band of assassins, perpetrating the crime with a fanatic and enthusiastic zeal, which makes them not only glory in the deed, but feel confident that it is an act of justice and an acceptable sacrifice to that God, who has said, 'thou shalt do no murder.' These afforded ample scope to Mr. Allan, and he has portrayed the scene with a fearful reality.—No. 34. 'Portrait of a Lady in the Character of Una.'—Sir William Beechey, R. A. This is a pleasing picture, and the portrait is perfectly congenial with the character she is made to represent.—No. 39. 'The Sacred Tree of the Hindoos, which contains an ancient Temple and Idol.'—T. Daniell, R. A. In scenery of this description, Mr. Daniell has long been known to excel, and this is not inferior to his former productions.—No. 58. 'Portrait of Earl Grey.'—J. Jackson, R. A. An excellent likeness.—No. 69. 'Portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry.'—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A. If one tenth part of the attention that has been devoted to the robes of the marquis, had been bestowed on the countenance, we should have had a much better likeness. In point of finishing, this is a picture of the highest order, but justice has not been done to the fine expressive features of his lordship.—No. 70. 'Portrait of the late Princess Charlotte;' and No. 180. 'Portrait of Lady Louisa Lambton,' Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A. are two delightful pictures. We do not wonder that Sir Thomas is so popular as a painter of females, when he gives them a loveliness so superhuman as the last of these, which, for grace, beauty, and simplicity, exceeds any thing we had before seen even from his pencil.—No. 128. 'Nature Blowing Bubbles for her Children.'—W. Hilton, R. A. An allegorical painting, the idea of which has been suggested from a passage in Crabbe's *Library*:—
'Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,
And call them worlds! and bid the greatest
show
More radiant colours in their worlds below:
Then as they break, the slaves of care reprove,
And tell them, such are all the toys they love.'

To embody this idea is somewhat difficult, but the artist has succeeded; and the composition is chaste, simple, and harmonious; Nature, a recumbent figure, is represented with the reed in her hand, by which she has produced the airy toys; while the children around her are beautiful in their forms, and glowing with life and infantine gaiety.

—No. 134. 'The Careless Messenger Detected.'—W. Mulready, R. A.—This picture, which is equal in colour and execution, to any of the artist's former works, is superior in point of composition. It is a picture of nature rather than of manners, and, in this respect, it differs from those of Wilkie or Hogarth, to whom he bears a striking similarity. The subject is a child confided by a mother to the care of a boy, with directions to carry it to a certain place; the boy, meeting with some companions, lays down his infant burden, and plays at marbles. The mother detects him, and is about to inflict a summary chastisement for the neglect, to the great terror of the culprit and the infinite amusement of his companions, whose characters are drawn with a distinctness and peculiarity, which is almost inimitable; the action of each, as well as the expressions of their countenances, is strongly characteristic of their respective dispositions. One boy, a tall booby, leans against the wall with his hands behind, as if he had had no share in the business, while a young sneerer is chuckling at the idea of the careless boy getting a good caning. A vulgar blackguard-looking boy plays on with the utmost indifference, totally regardless of the woman's anger or the boy's terrors. This is a picture, of which every one is enabled to judge, from the 'school-boy creeping like a snail unwillingly to school,' to decrepit old age, and we will venture to say, that few will see it without admiring it as much as we do.—No. 159. 'The House of Morpheus.' H. Howard, R. A. This is an allegorical painting, from the following passage in that allegorical poem, Spenser's Faery Queen:—

'Amid the bowels of the earth, full deep
And low, where dawning Day doth never peep,
His dwelling is: there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
While sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spread.'

We confess, we are not partial to allegorical painting, and we are sorry, that Mr. Howard, whom we admire as a painter of nature, should yield to display the exuberance of his fancy in al-

legory. This is a pretty picture, but to use a common and a very expressive term among artists, it does not read; for, although we might, perhaps, imagine a youth in deep sleep to represent Morpheus, and that an old woman, about to throw a cloak over him, was intended for Night; yet we could not, without a considerable strength of fancy, fix on an elderly female, in the left corner, as Tethys, or a young one as Cynthia, particularly when they are without those symbols by which they are generally distinguished.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS Institution, for the exhibition of paintings by the Old Masters, opened on Monday last. The contributors to the collection include the most illustrious personages in the state. His Majesty, the Patron of the Institution, has taken the lead in adorning the gallery, having sent most liberally from the royal collection several standard works from the various departments of art. Among these are—a fine Landscape, 'Sunset,' by Claude; a female portrait, by Rembrandt; 'Herod's daughter with the Head of John the Baptist,' by C. Dolce; 'a Portrait of Charles II, his brother, and sisters, when children,' by Vandyke; a 'Landscape with a Mill,' by Ruysdall; a Portrait by Albert Durer; a 'Landscape with Figures,' by G. Poussin; and a 'St. Martin lending his Cloak,' by Rubens.

The Duke of Norfolk has sent the celebrated shield, which was presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the gallant and chivalrous Henry Earl of Surrey, who proclaimed a challenge and tournament in Florence, in honour of his fair Geraldine.

The Duke of Wellington has sent some of his best pictures, including the 'Effects of Intemperance,' by Jan Steen; a 'Musical Party,' by De Hooze; and 'the Embarkation of Van Tromp,' by Backhusen.

The Marquises of Lansdown, Bute, and Abercorn, with the Earls of Dartmouth, Mulgrave, Coventry, Grosvenor, Spencer and Roseberry, have also sent some of their best works; as have also the Countess De Grey, Lords Dundas, Eardley, Sydney, Curzon, and a number of other directors. There are in all 142 works in the exhibition, including some of the best productions of Titian, Correggio, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Vandyke, Velasques, Georgioni, Paolo Veronese, Teniers, and almost every eminent master

of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Mr. West's Picture of 'Christ healing the Sick in the Temple,' for which the Directors gave the Artist 3000 guineas some years ago, is also exhibited. The collection is admirable, and presents a rich treat to the lovers of the fine arts.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION.

IT has been truly said that art is a jealous thing, and demands the undivided homage and attention of those who would acquire pre-eminence. Mr. Glover seems fully aware of this, and has devoted himself with the most unceasing industry to his profession. Those who have had an opportunity of seeing the productions of his pencil a few years ago, and the present valuable collection which he exhibits, will see to what advantage he has studied. As a landscape painter, Mr. Glover stands in the first rank of British artists; and so conscious is he of his own powers, that he has actually placed in the present exhibition one of the most beautiful pictures of Claude Lorraine, and the best landscape of Wilson (the English Claude) that he has been able to procure: and when due allowance is made for that mellowness, which time alone can give to a picture, Mr. Glover need not shrink from the comparison of one of his landscapes at least with these celebrated productions: this is a view of 'Patterdale, in Cumberland;' the variety of landscape, the delicacy of colouring, and the judicious display of light and shade, contribute to render this picture one of the finest landscapes of modern painters; a bridge, the perspective of which is admirable, with its shade reflective on the side of the river, seems the very acme of art.

Nos. 59, 65, 70.—Views of Tivoli, are finely descriptive of that enchanting scene: the rich Italian sky; the beauty of the scenery; the fine, but distant prospect of the Sybils' Temple and St. Peter's at Rome, are delightfully portrayed.

As specimens of the beauty of English landscape,—and, notwithstanding the prejudices against it, England presents as charming scenery as any part of the world,—we would notice Nos. 31, 43, 76, and 84, Views of Ulswater; and Nos. 71 and 85, Views of Harrow; the last, a 'View from Lord Northwick's House at Harrow, with London in the distance,' is a charming picture: the boldness of the foliage, which seems to rise from the canvas, and the neatness with which it is executed, would almost

persuade us that every leaf had been an object of the artist's care, did we not know that he paints with the utmost facility and expedition. This gallery, so worthy of public attention, is entitled to a more detailed notice, and we shall return to the subject.

SALE

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

THE connoisseurs and professors of art have had the opportunity of possessing themselves of some of the finest pictures of this great artist, which have been sold by Mr. Christie, within the last few days. These pictures were in the possession of the late Marchioness of Thomond, the niece of Sir Joshua, to whom they had been bequeathed. Many exquisite productions of other painters were also disposed of by the hammer. These had formed part of the famous collection of Sir Joshua, which, if not the most extensive, was supposed to be the most unique in Europe. The paintings by Sir Joshua fetched good prices, as will appear by the following list of some of the most prominent:—

The Gipsy Fortune teller, the print from which is well known, 240 guineas.

The Infant St. John, with a Lamb, 72 guineas.

Portrait of a Female employed in Drawing, 101 gs.

Portrait of Lady Hamilton, 202 gs.

Portrait of Mrs. Hartley, as a bacchante, with an infant on her shoulder, 290 gs.

Portrait of a young Girl with a Scarlet Muff, 259 gs.

An elderly Man seated in a Chair, personifying Resignation, 125 gs.

A Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Book. This picture, which excited great interest and a spirited competition, was purchased by the Earl of Mulgrave, for 234 gs.

Another less eminent Portrait of Sir Joshua, fetched 100 gs.

A small Landscape, (one of the few of Sir Joshua's productions in this line,) 65 gs.

A View from Richmond Hill, 155 gs.

The Girl and Kitten—a once much esteemed picture, but which has been nearly destroyed, either by the effect of the sun or the defect of the colours; but, notwithstanding this, it sold for 295 gs.

The Piping Shepherd-Boy, with his Dog in the back-ground, a Landscape, and a Flock of Sheep, 410 gs.

The celebrated picture of Hope nursing Love, 215 gs.

A young Shepherdess with Lambs, 216 gs.

A Shepherd-Boy and Dog, purchased by Earl Fitzwilliam, 600 gs.

A Peasant Girl and Children with a Torch, 400 gs.

Portrait of Admiral Rodney, 115 gs.

A Nymph and Cupid, usually termed the Snake in the Grass, 510 gs.

Dido on the Funeral Pile, 700 gs.

The famous Designs for the Compartments of the Window of New College, Oxford. These being the finest productions of Sir Joshua, excited much interest, and there was a spirited bidding between Lord Milton and the Earl of Normanton who finally obtained the whole at the following prices:—Charity, 1500 gs.; Faith, 400 do.; Justice, 1100 do.; Hope, 650 do.; Fortitude, 700 do.; Prudence, 350 do.; Temperance, 600 do.

The remaining compartments, Portraits of Sir Joshua and Jarvis as Shepherds, at the nativity, were purchased at 410 gs. for Earl Fitzwilliam.

The most celebrated pictures, not by Sir Joshua, were a Corregio and a Teniers.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Corregio, was sold for 215 guineas. This celebrated picture had the thanks of an Italian, to heaven, for possessing it, inscribed upon the back; and a memorandum, by Sir Joshua, dated April 17, 1790, declared that the Italian's feelings were in unison with his own.

The Enchantress entering the Infernal Regions, is supposed to be the masterpiece of Teniers. This picture was held in so much esteem by Sir Joshua, that to obtain it, he offered to cover it twice with guineas, which was refused; however, he afterwards procured it in exchange for several of his own pictures. It sold for 160 guineas.

This sale furnished a strong proof of the interest now taken in the Fine Arts by the higher ranks of society.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Saturday night, her Majesty the Queen, very unexpectedly, honoured this theatre with a visit, to see the metamorphosed play of the *Tempest*. 'God Save the King' was called for and sung; and, at the conclusion of the play, her Majesty retired amidst the loud plaudits of the audience.

A new farce was produced at this theatre on Tuesday night, entitled *The Grand Tour, or Stopped at Rochester*, of the plot of which the following is an outline:—Seabright, (Jones,) with a friend, Blushington, (Duruset,) arrives at Rochester, where the latter accidentally sees and falls in love with the heroine, (Miss Beaumont,) whose father (Blanchard) has contracted her to Mr. Violet (Liston), a cockney oilman, of High Holborn. This circumstance, coming to the knowledge of Seabright, through the simplicity of Emery, a Yorkshire servant to Violet, he introduces himself

as Mr. Violet to the father, and posts his French Valet (Yates) outside the house to mislead the real Violet, in which he of course succeeds. Seabright pleads so successfully for his friend, that the father agrees to break off the match with Violet, and give his daughter to Blushington; but, on their proceeding to a lawyer's, where the Cockney had been unfortunately led, the whole trick is exploded. New schemes are, however, devised, by which Blushington gains the lady, and Violet contents himself with an antiquated maiden, (Mrs. Davenport.) The farce is too long, but the whole of the characters were admirably sustained. Jones was never in better spirits, and exerted himself to the utmost; Emery played the Yorkshireman with his accustomed excellence; and Blanchard, Yates, Duruset, with Mrs. Davenport and Miss Beaumont, were all very effective, and contributed much to the success of the farce. Liston's Cockney did not afford him a sufficient opportunity. The farce, which is said to be from the pen of Mr. Morton, was completely successful.

SURREY THEATRE.—The new serio comic historic Anachronasmatic Heptadrama of *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, produced at this theatre, is one of those laughable and spirited burlesques in which Mr. Dibdin is so successful. It combines the whole comic strength of the company, and is certainly a very splendid and amusing spectacle. *Narbonne Castle*, the *Seven Champions*, and the *Poet's last Shilling* present strong attractions, and draw full houses.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The performances at this theatre are continued with great spirit and effect. Mr. Wilkinson has been re-engaged, and is irresistibly comic in Hookey Walker; indeed, this piece is well played throughout, and is much enhanced by the singing of Miss Johnstone and Mr. Paine. *Black Beard*, a melodramatic pantomime, has been revived, and produced with great attention to stage effect.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia linunt,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Curious Will.—The following will, which we extract from *Eunomus, or Dialogues on the Law and Constitution of England**, actually passed a considerable personal property. It was en-

* Fourth Edition, J. & W. T. Clarke, 1821.

tered in the Commons, in 1737, and may be seen verbatim at the Prerogative Office:—

THE fifth day of May
Being airy and gay
And to hyp not inclin'd
But of vigorous mind
And my body in health
I'll dispose of my wealth
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave
To some one or other
And I think to my brother
Because I foresaw
That my brethren in law
If I did not take care
Would come in for their share
Which I nowise intended
Till their manners are mended
And of that God knows there's no sign
I do therefore enjoin
And do strictly command
Of which witness my hand
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot
But I give and devise
As much as in me lies
To the son of my mother
My own dear brother
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother JOHN HEDGES.

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